

Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

• A special supplement with this week's issue covers the open house and dedication of the fountain court scheduled for Sunday afternoon. In looking forward to the event we felt, at The Champion, the renovation of the town hall was unique and we wanted our recognition of it to be similarly unique. The section was produced, using a different process to our normal printing method, and we'll be interested in any comments from readers.

 Researching local history is a bit of a hobby with me but unfortunately the time it takes is rather hard to come by. The town hall history in the special section is certainly not as complete as I would like it to have been, but time ran out. For example the brick addition on the rear of the town hall is undated and after searching town minutes and Champion files in likely periods I gave up. Somewhere, someone must know when that brick piece was put on the back of the town hall.

• In any earlier writing on the town hall the contractors were always referred to as Peter Bam Zimmerman and another individual. The general contractor however was Joseph Martin who also donated the land. Peter Bam Zimmerman may well have been the stonemason on the project though.

• One other fact that continues to elude me in the history of the town hall is the location and size of the original town hall. It was apparently rented by the town, and at one point in the history you'll find permission was granted to move it but the early records don't indicate from where to where.

 Sunday will also see the dedication of the fountain court. The mill stone that forms the new fountain is thought to date back to 1820 and to be of French origin. It was in use for many years in Milton and its resting place in front of the town hall provides an interesting and unique link with the past.

• Be sure to visit the town hall this weekend. The transformation in the interior has been quite startling. Citizens don't often visit municipal offices except to pay taxes or to berate councils and it would seem fitting that at least during open house everyone would have an opportunity to visit the council chambers and other offices.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

am the Town Hall, Milton's century-old municipal administration centre, in the heart of downtown Milton.

Although I am old, I am beautiful, my solid stone walls set me off as a structure of dignity and sincerity, and my interior is brand new.

I have overseen the affairs of this town for 100 years . . . watching Milton's children grow into adults, and the coming and going of thousands upon thousands of Miltonians. I have seen the joy and the heartaches of my citizens, I have noted the progress of my families, have welcomed the newcomers and bid adieu to those leaving the town.

Looking out from the vantage point of my tower, I have seen this town grow from the village it was in the 1860's to the bustling town of today, and I look forward to another 100 years of watching Milton progress.

I've seen the growing commerce and industry, the new subdivisions, the changing main thoroughfare . . . I have watched the disappearance of the muddy streets and boardwalks and downtown verandahs and hitching posts . . . and the coming of pavement and concrete walks and impressive store fronts and new industries.

Within my walls, I have hosted a conglomeration of gatherings that ranged from the victory bond entertainments to the lively political gatherings, from Red Cross meetings to public speaking competitions, from elections to social soirees.

My auditorium is gone (alas, it served Milton well) and replaced with a beautiful council chamber. Lush blue carpeting, acoustic ceiling and polished desks now stand where once the people of the town gathered for speeches, dances and meetings.

I remember the war drives, the politcal rallies, the market houses, the teen town, the basketball games, the church teas, the dancing school programs, the civic ceremonies, the school Empire Day programs, the Lodge dinners, the Hal lowe'en parades, and the Christmas parties that have taken place here.

I remember the days when the library occupied my main floor, then moved to my basement rooms where on wet days the librarians wore rubber boots and mov

ed books to higher and dryer shelves. I remember the old Mechanics' Institute, our first lending library. And I remem ber the early council meetings when the town fathers huddled around the cheery fire to keep warm as they pondered the annual budget.

Now the council has renovated my interior, to better equip me to meet the needs of the growing municipal administration centre. My front is illuminated at night to show off my beauty, and a fountain court has been added to encourage townsfolk and visitors to stop, drink, and rest awhile in my shadows.

It is 1966 now, and I am still here, ready to serve. My first century has been a rewarding and enjoyable one — what lies ahead remains to be seen.

This credit purchasing business is getting out of hand. Noticed an ad in a paper last week that urged ladies to have their chesterfield suite recovered or rebuilt. The following quote is from the ad copy:

"Don't pay all at once. Take three months at no extra charge." Notice how they say "don't pay . . ."?

What is a wife, someone once asked. A wife is purity with cold cream on her face, dignity with a dish mop in her hand, a beauty with a permanent wave, and wisdom itself trying to balance the house-hold budget.

Wives are found everywhere — at bridge parties, reducing salons, fashion parades, beauty parlors, bargain basements, in your hair, on another man's lap, in mud packs, maternity rooms, and going through your pockets.

Mothers love them, mothers - in - law tolerate them, spinsters envy them, husbands fear them.

A wife likes charge accounts, chocolates, babies, soap operas, diets, presents, gossip, small waistlines, mink coats, breakfast in bed and other men.

She hates corsets, ironing, being over 30, budgets, cigars, the neighbor's new car, her husband's secretary, and other wo-

Nobody can be so illogical, cry so conveniently, interrupt so frequently, or louse up the punch line of a good story so often. But can we do without them?

MILTON'S PAST

Champion

A welcome asset

As a story in last week's Champion hinted, it seems quite definite the provincial agricultural museum will be located on land adjacent to Kelso Conservation Area. No one will say so for sure but Halton M.P.P. George Kerr, in opening the Milton Fair Saturday, confidently predicted such a move. And if George confidently predicts something you can be pretty sure it's well along in the works.

A provincial agricultural museum is possible in each province of Canada. There will naturally only be one in Ontario and the near-Milton location close to highway 401 and a beautiful conservation area seems most desirable. The full extent of such a museum is not clear but when it is realized that about 80 acres of land were probably purchased for it you can get some idea of the scope involved.

Only a door apart

It is encouraging to hear there is a glimmer of hope in the dispute between the former Halton public health nurses and the county. One of the most exasperating experiences was last Tuesday when the nurses were present to hear discussion of County Council on the subject. The desire for negotiations was spelled out by the county while the nurses remained silent. When they left the chambers they were plied with questions by reporters. They indicated the same desire to meet as the county had and that they had advised officials of this

one story while on the other side another story. Frustrated by the dispute and yet the closeness of positions one reporter stormed in to urge the councillors to meet the nurses here and now. Council was in recess and by the time they had reconvened and passed a resolution to permit the nurses to speak the nurses had left the building.

So here on one side of the door is

A meeting did result, however, and now both sides seem to be talking optimistically.

Fair day for Fair

Milton Fair was plagued with a little unpredictable weather that may have deterred some of the crowd but the sunshine actually held well. It was about 6 p.m. before the first drops of rain fell, although there was a spot or two in the

There appeared to be an increased number of exhibitors in many classes

and it seemed light horses might be making a comeback after a decline following the utilization of tractors on

There have been countless trends, however, during the 114 years of fall fairs and there will undoubtedly be more in the years ahead.

The silent many

"Silence is Golden", someone once said and the extent to which many people have adopted this outlook becomes frightening as each new inroad of freedom, on morals, and on everyday living is carved deeper.

Speaking out requires involvement. It requires formation of an opinion, it requires some thought process that demands involvement. But no one wants to become involved.

Citizens today pay their taxes at arms length. Many are paid through a mortgage company that collects monthly payments from the homeowner. This way it doesn't even take a trip to the municipal office to pay the taxes.

Citizens today are willing and able to speak about civic affairs on the street corner, at the club meeting or in a two way discussion. But such conversations rarely get to the forum of government locally at the town hall because that would require involvement and the old adage about silence being golden leaps to the fore.

The local theatre operates on Sunday

although it is reportedly against the law and certainly against the expressed wishes of a majority of voters in the last plebiscite on the subject. The move is rationalized by references to what people want, and the need to provide some activity for young people. The fact it is against the law is glossed over.

"Silence is Golden".

At what point do we quit rationalizing, quit being passively quiet, quit whispering on the street corner and get involved. Democracy cannot long survive where laws are challenged almost weekly in every phase of life from the injunctions of the courts to the speed limits on the highways. At some point someone with enough strength will get involved and that individual may be interested enough to make a career out of directing other people until we all find ourselves being directed even more extensively than we presently are. The end of the trail, dictatorship, we say could never happen here.

Couldn't it? "Silence is Golden".

CENTENNIAL REPORT

1867/1967

by john w. fisher centennial commissioner



wish the Centennial Commission could buy a ticket and the travel fare for every person in Canada to see Expo 67 next year. But I just don't have the budget to do that.

Millions of Canadians won't see Expo but most of those who can't make it to Montreal will be able to see some Centennial spectacular in the nearest city. Canada's leading events are shared by all parts of the country.

It could be a performance of the Canadian Armed Forces Tattoo, one of the largest spectacles of its kind ever to be presented in North America. It could be the touring Centennial air show with thrilling flying by the Forces' formation aerobatic team of pilots specially picked for the 1967 celebrations.

Those living on or near the coasts and waterways will be able to see impressive naval assemblies of the majestic ships of Canada's forces and the navies of a number of other countries.

In major cities there will be dazzling performances on stage by top artists from Canada and abroad. There will be art shows and there will be sporting events such as the Pan American games at Winnipeg and the winter games in Quebec.

Proposed international events in Canada next year include: a balloon race across the prairies; world snowshoe championships; a North American ski championship meet and international ski jumping competitions near Ottawa; an international air show at Abbotsford B.C.; international motor cycle races near Toronto: world hydroplane championship races at Valleyfield, P.Q.; and a water skiing world championship meet at Sherbrooke, P.Q., to mention a few.

The point I make is that no one who can't afford that trip to Montreal should be disappointed about Centennial Year. In the realm of spectacular events there will be something to see in every major Canadian city.

The small towns as well, with visits by the touring Centennial Caravans carrying fascinating exhibits of Canadiana and their own community Centennial events, will be gay attractions during 1967.

For those unable to leave their own homes — even shut-ins — the year 1967 will be a special one. With our coast to coast rac'io and television communications of today all will be able to witness or listen to the great sporting events, see or hear Centennial performers, follow the 4,000 mile canoe race — in fact, they will be able to enjoy many of the events I mentioned above by electronic means. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has great plans for Centennial coverage and so have the magazines and newspapers of Canada.

It's going to be a big birthday celebration and no one is going to be left out of the party. There will be something for everyone — young or old — to do, to see and to be happy about. Not the least important event to be happy about is that this young, vigorous country is moving into its second century of Confederation with a bright future ahead.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

A chap called Richard J. Needham writes a daily newspaper column in Toronto. Quality and content range from high-class to hog-wash, but it is eminently readable.

Needham is not a true humorist, but has a sharp satiric sense, a wild imagination, and a clear view of the ridiculosity of many of our moral, social, political and economic fairy tales.

Despite the clear view, he is an incorrigible romantic, a 1966 model Don Quixote who tilts at windmills with a typewriter, forces flowers on strange ladies, and thinks of life and love in capital letters. He's a literary burglar and a bellowing non-conformist. Interesting fel-

But he has a couple of blind spots. He hates the educational system and has a blatant contempt for today's young people. Sounds psychological. Perhaps he was turfed out of school, or dropped out, or had some rotten teachers. But he despises the whole business.

For him, the educational system is a vast, soul-less monolith, whose sole aim is to crush the spirit of youth, indoctrinate it with all the wrong ideas, and fail to teach it anything about LIFE. He's great on LIFE.

For him, teachers are a bunch of dull clods, whose only desire is to stuff kids with useless information and promptly squelch any signs of initiative or crea-

For him, modern students are a sorry lot, unadventurous, inarticulate, securityminded and materialistic.

Well, I'm here to tell brother Needham it's time he got into the twentieth century. His ideas are pure poppycock. Sure, the educational system is a vast

monolith. What do you do with 6,000,000 kids? Shove them into the streets to learn about LIFE? But it's far from soul-less. On the contrary, it's composed of men and women with intelligence, goodwill and understanding, who work tirelessly to improve the system for the benefit of the

Sure, teachers are dull clods. Some of them. Just as some doctors, lawyers, ministers and columnists are dull clods. But the great majority work their heads to the bone, shoving, urging, exhorting, encouraging and leading the youngsters to

And the students? Are they a sad, beaten crowd, cowed by authority, eager for security, afraid to think for themselves? That is what Mr. Needham, with his Victorian view of schools, would have us believe. Hah!

A few are. But the majority are just the opposite. They are rebellious, daring, adventurous, and just busting to have a whirl at life, as youngsters have been since the time of Socrates.

Right now my son, who is 19, is either hitch-hiking across Canada, on his way home, or heading for Mexico. We're not sure. Right now, my daughter, who is 15, is belting out folk songs which she wrote herself, to keep her mind off her sore ears. She had them pierced yesterday, for

And right now, all over town, 1,200 kids from our high school are ignoring their homework and watching TV, or shooting pool, or gassing on the phone, or falling in love, or riding motor-cycles. They're certainly not cowed by authority, or squelched by the system, or indoctrinated by anything, except human nature.

Don't be naive, Mr. Needham.



Pages of the Past from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, September 26, 1946.

Friday, October 4, has been chosen for the annual Field Day at Milton High School. To make the competition keener, the student body is divided into three classes: junior, intermediate and senior. The junior class is made up of all students 14 years old and under; the intermediate class of all 15-year-olds; and the senior class emposed of all 16 or over.

The morning events will be held at the High School Campus and will include the Running Broad Jump, Standing Broad Jump, Shot Put, Distance Throwing with a softball and two special events for girls, throwing a basketball for distance, then for accuracy.

The afternoon events will take place at the Agricultural Grounds. The program takes in the 50 vard dash for girls, Interform relay for girls; and for the boys the 100, 200 and 400 yard dash for all classes; a half mile open race; and relay race.

Leslie Lowe, of R.R. 1 Campbellville, is a machinist by trade and in between repairing plows and welding pipe, he has managed to fulfill his boyhood ambition. He has constructed a miniature working model of a steam engine on his father's farm. Taking two years to complete it, Mr. Lowe painstakingly machined and cast each part to scale. Complete with saw and whistle, it weighs 125 pounds. The miniature engine is to one-sixth scale of a steam traction engine of the Waterloo pattern. It is 38 inches long and 23 inches from the tip of the smoke stack to the ground. It develops one-quarter horsepower when steamed up. The boiler carries 125 lbs. pressure, the same pressure as the engine from which it was modelled. It uses wood or coal fuel and takes a half an hour to build up pressure.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, September 28, 1916.

Prohibition came in like a lamb in Milton a week ago last Saturday evening. There were no farewell carousals. All of the three hotels have taken out standard licenses, but they report their bar business gone. A reporter visited two of them vesterday. In one there was no bartender on duty. In the other there was one, but there were no customers during the ten minute visit of the reporter. The tenders said there was no demand for the two and one half per cent beer. The difference between it and real beer was too marked. Bars could now be kept open at all hours, including Sundays, but that did not help.

His bar receipts Tuesday were about \$7. Under license they averaged from \$40 to \$50. The hotel men said that so far there had been no increase in their rates for accommodation, but under present circumstances the outlook for paying business was black. Though the bars are out of business. Milton is not exactly a dry town. There have been large importations of liquor by citizens during the past few

When that is gone there will be no difficulty in replacing it by ordering from Quebec dealers. It is said that it can be got for wholesale rates and even after paying express charges, will be cheaper than formerly. It can be delivered, too, from stocks stored in Ontario.

100 years ago Taken from the issue of the Canadian

Champion, September 27, 1866.

T. L. White, enterprising merchant of Kilbride, announces in this issue that by his energetic exertions he will soon be open in Kilbride in full blast again. In the meantime the public are invited to get bargains of the damaged goods at his branch establishment in Dacotah.

Under the caption "Business Energy", the Nelson correspondent of Hamilton Spectator says, "It is pleasing to note that the site of the store, owned by T. L. White of Kilbride, and which was lately consumed by fire, is again occupied by the nucleus of a more commodious building than the former one. It is fully expected that he will be doing business at the old stand in two or three weeks.

"This pleases the farmers and the ladies very much, for they consider that they are mainly indebted to Mr. White for being able to obtain goods at Hamilton prices at their own doors. Notwithstanding certain malicious rumors which were attempted to set affoat concerning the store fire, there can now be no reasonable doubt that Mr. White was a loser to the extent of some thousands of dollars by the conflagration."

It appears that in our notice of the Neither he nor his brother had any hand in the affairs, as they were both absent from home that night, otherwise they would have prevented it. Mr. McDermid also desires to intimate that he had no connection with it as people might suppose from his living at Petrolia. No reference to him was intended.

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shown with teacher J. J. Seamans. In the front row, left to right are Foster Brain, Bert Richards, Ted Robinson, Elton Cole, Charlotte Brain, Elsie Grant, Bert Mack, Alice Mack, Ida Bailey, Ernie King, A. Neilson and Stan Cowan. Second row. Frankie Burdsall, Leslie King, Joe Anderson, Isobel Thompson, Bert Anderson, Dewart Lindsay, Stan Learmont, May

HORNBY SCHOOL, JUNE 16, 1899: This

photo was loaned by Mrs. A. Parton,

whose father is among the students

Mabel Anderson, Eric Douglas, Annie Gilchrist, Sarah McKenzie, Nellie Brooks, Mame Lindsay, Minnie Richards, Mabel Campbell, Eva Learmont, Elly Cowan, Alma Robinson. Fourth row, Vic King. Andy Brooks, Arnold Galbraith, Gordon Chisholm, Albert King, Ted Cowan, Seymour, Bert Douglas, Frank Cowan, Archie King and Tom Learmont. It is believed 15 of those in the photo are still living.

Grant and Ollie Galbraith. Third row,